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GAR SQUARE.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

TWO ACQUITTALS.

A jury of twelve men in this city yesterday acquitted a woman who had been on trial for the shooting of her lover. A few weeks ago another jury acquitted another woman accused of a similar crime. In the latter case no question was raised as to the prisoner's guilt. The acquittal was purely a matter of sentiment, and many people thought, under the circumstances of a young girl's ruin and desertion, that the case had ended properly. Over yesterday's result there was much surprise. Even the counsel for the accused had expected a verdict of manslaughter.

But without commenting on the comparative merits of the two cases, or the comparative faults of the two women who were accused and acquitted, it is not time to ask where this thing is to end? Cases of desertion and of jealousy very similar to these two are of frequent occurrence. They frequently end in tragedy. Is this ending to be the one licensed by the passive will of the community, under the verdicts of the community's jury? If so, what better justice is there in it than a sort of refined lynching law, stamped with a judicial approval?

TIP'S FURY AGAIN.

The news of the day includes the story that Tip, the big elephant with the little name, at the Central Park menagerie, is in another ugly mood. He has smashed a heavy partition in the elephant house and is confidently awaiting an opportunity to smash Keeper Snyder. One paper states calmly and without apparent prejudice that this opportunity is expected to arrive, how soon may not be known. In that case Mr. Snyder's name would be No. 9 on Tip's list.

THE EVENING WORLD has called attention to this dangerous brute before. His existence is a constant menace to his keeper and to Park visitors. It is time to stop dallying with such a peril. Tip cost the city nothing. He will be harmless and more valuable dead. His days should be numbered.

THE GAS-HOUSE NUISANCE.

The gas nuisance around East One Hundred and Fifteenth street must be abated. The residents cry out for relief, and should get it. They have appealed to the Health Board, with no effect. Now Gov. Hill has been asked to interfere. It is another instance of the rights and comfort of the people being sacrificed to a corporation's greed.

The New York citizen is long suffering, but he can be aroused. The Company has promised to improve things. It has made similar promises before. There have been temporary spells of relief, showing what can be done. Now for permanent reform.

TODAY, THE FESTIVAL.

If you are not at the great Strawberry Festival to-day you are missing one of the ten thousand children who sit at the World's table. And long may they all live to enjoy the memory of it and prosper as may be their coming "grown-up" days in this great land of every body.

An Ohio physician defines a blush as a "temporary erythema and caloric influence of the physiognomy, antedating by the perceptiveness of the sensorium when in a predicament of unequilibrium from a sense of shame, anger or other cause eventuating in a paresis of the vasomotor capillaries, whereby, being divested of their elasticity, they are suffused with radiant, aerated, compound nutritive circulating blood, emanating from an intimidated precordia." And, strange to say, most of us had not the faintest conception of it. And so simple, too.

Well, well! and is this the secret of Republican harmony in Ohio? It is said there is believed to be in such union sufficient strength to knock out Senator Blaine on the grounds of non-residence in the Buckeye State. Then Sherman and Foraker may both go to the United States Senate. How altogether lovely!

A man arrested yesterday claimed to own all the railroads on the earth and said he was 300 years old. It is significant that when found he had his eye on Riverside Park. What show has JAY GOULD against such an old established railroad park-grabber as this?

Newtown's dog-catcher has been sent to jail for keeping thirty dogs three days in a small room without food or water. It is to be hoped that the other prisoners will not revolt at his coming among them.

Indian soldiers are not panning out as well as might be desired. Twenty-five of them stole a barrel of whiskey from a commissary wagon, got drunk, broke into

a farm-house, shot a horse, killed a goose, threatened to shoot a farmer, and made things generally lively. The Indian provocation to whom on matters may interfere, perhaps, with their military advancement.

A St. Louis minister preached on the wickedness of wearing jewelry, and his congregation advanced in a body to the altar and gave up their trinkets. This is a vast improvement on the regulation donation party.

Another jealous wife has substituted a real horse whipping for a tongue-lashing of "the other woman." It was at Delta. As the other woman threatens a suit this is not likely to be the omega of the affair.

BARDSLEY, according to his counsel, will tell all that can be told. If there is anything in the most of many rumors, there ought to be a gloomy prospect of depopulation before Philadelphia.

Emperor WILLIAM has postponed his visit to England as Uncle WALKER is buffed at him for his baccarat criticism. It is rumored in Court circles that they may not speak as they pass by.

FARMER INGALLS expresses the belief that BLAINE will recover in time for the Presidential nomination. But if he rot it again wouldn't that be in the nature of a relapse?

A merchant tailor's debt collecting association like New York's could not exist in Indianapolis. There a tailor is sued for \$5,000 because he posted a man who owed him \$30.

The Yonkers lad who ran away from home to be a sailor boy, has returned. He has acquired the rank of lieutenant of a clam sloop, and his ambition is satisfied.

New Haven is not so slow. A nineteen-year-old girl was married there yesterday one hour after her divorce was granted. Chicago could not have done better.

High tariff does not seem to help business. There were 230 failures in the United States this week against 144 in the corresponding week of 1890.

It is not encouraging to read of the proposed revival in Richmond of the old plan of running separate street-cars for whites and blacks.

Ten thousand children are the happier today for Tux World's strawberry festival at Madison Square Garden.

If ALGER is pushing his boom on the Pacific coast he can't have such a pacific eye as BLAINE.

If you cannot give a dollar to the Sick Babies' Fund, give less. Every little helps.

June days hot, June days cold; this June a record breaker, twenty days old. It is now said that Guatemala will not annex the United States. Thanks.

Fewer murders and more executions of murderers are desirable.

Ex-Alderman DE LAUR is entitled to a monument of brass.

GROSVENOR is to leave his country for his party's good.

Annexed District Democrats are crying for harmony.

Street robberies are becoming too frequent.

SPOTLETS.

The gentle soul will now be allowed a few months' peace in the bosom of his family.

"I should suppose you would require a false beard," said Goodwood to an imaginative quill-driver.

Nina Van Zandt would have made a good "Forty-niner."

"Bring me some more pellucidum strawberries," said the man to the waiter. "There's too much grit in these."

"Don't judge me of maiting grain." The humble barley said.

"The flowers in the park, which you gain the harnesses inaudible." — Washington Post.

No wonder that Emperor William denied that he pattered around in disguise. The idea that he could be a counterfeit bill!

Jay Gould hasn't a column of "wants," but he has one or two wants, each of which is a column in size.

"The Coconut Dance" is one that glides evolved out of his own "coconut."

It is possible for a young man to be (a) the youth and yet be a "silly," (b) a "silly" and yet be a youth.

As a "spotter" the fly is badly handicapped at this season of the year.

WORLDLINGS.

The Prince of Wales is said to be a lightning character in the way of doing his attire. He can get out of one suit and into another in a twinkling, and as he is obliged to change his costumes several times a day the accomplishment is a valuable one to him.

One of the Scottish most successful evangelists is William Brander, who has just finished a great revival in Mississippi. He is a man of sixty-three, and has been constantly preaching day and night for sixteen years.

One of England's brightest girl college graduates this season is Miss Mary R. Montgomery, who has just taken the highest honors at the University of London. She is a young woman of twenty-two, the daughter of a University lecturer.

The young Czech of Vienna has been a most industrious student, and is one of the best informed men of his age in Eastern Europe. He is especially well versed in the higher sciences.

According to the most recent census returns London has a population of 4,300,000, Paris 2,400,000, Berlin 1,574,400 and St. Petersburg 1,000,000.

Making Expenses.

Tom—'I'd like to join the Murray Hill Club, but the initiation fee staggers me, \$100 is altogether too steep.

Joe—'Of course, experience—Oh, you'll soon get that back. I've only been a member three months and my bill amounts to more than that salary.'

A Wonder.

[From the "Wonder and Wonderer."] "It's a wonder wonders don't play the races more than they do."

"Why?" "Because they receive so many tips."



He Was Kind-Hearted.

He stood leaning against a lamp-post in Fulton street, yesterday, pointing and blinking and lurching about, when a newsboy about as big as a turnip came along and cried out his wares.

"'Lub, come here!" called the inebriate.

"Yes, sir."

"How could you be you?"

"Seven."

"Seven—seven—only seven years old? Rub, my heart goes out for you. I'm fifty and you are seven."

"And when I reflect that it will be forty-three long years before you can get as tight as I am now. I feel so shud for you that I could weep my soul away! Run 'er long, lub; life is but a dreary blank to you!"

A Puzzled Boy.

Among the countless articles displayed on the curbstands in Vest street are sheep shears, and if any one wonders why they are there, it may be said that they are occasionally sold to florists and gardeners, and that many a Jersey farmer picks up a pair on his way down to the Hoboken ferry. The keeper of one of these stands noticed a boy about ten years of age critically examining a pair of shears the other day, and he finally asked:

"Mister, will you please tell me what these are?"

"Sheep-shears," was the reply. The boy turned to them again, walked off and returned, and at last remarked:

"Well, I can't get it through my head how a sheep can hold them to cut grass with!"

Under the Circumstances.

He got on a Fourth avenue car at the Grand Central Depot, having a satchel in his right hand and a lemon in his left, and he had no sooner taken a seat in the middle of the car than he put his satchel between his feet, took out a big jack-knife and shaved off one end of the lemon, and a moment later he could be heard all over the car as he put it to his lips.

Everybody smiled, but the car had rattled along for a quarter of a mile before the passenger on the man's right folded up his paper and said:

"There is no law against a man sucking a lemon if he wants to, but—"

"Never heard of any law again it!" interrupted the other, as he pulled away with a "swoosh! swoosh!" which echoed all over the car.

"But, as I was about to remark, he needn't remind everybody around him of a certain animal generally kept."

"Generally kept in a pen," put in the lemon-man, as he blew three or four seeds out of the open window.

"That's it. There are two platforms to this car, and if I wanted to eat a lemon in a way to make a—"

"To make a hog of yourself, you'd go out and roast with the driver! I catch the idea. Wait a minute!"

He turned the now empty side window side out, gnawed it close and then flung it out of the window, and opened a much larger one to take in a cocoanut and continued:

"See here! Not a tooth left! That's why I 'swoosh' when I eat. Just going to have a new set put in. Took that lemon to harden the gums. 'Polioke to everybody in the car and ask to be excused under the circumstances. I will now go out on the platform and eat an onion to take this taste out of my mouth, and if anybody's feelings are hurt let him send in a bill!"

M. QUAD.

VACANT VERSES.

A Country School.

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BRING THEM LIFE.

You Can Help to Save Hundreds of Babies from Untimely Graves.

Contribute to the Fund to Send Them Free Physicians.

Neil Nelson Tells of the Infants in Tenement-House Cigar Factories.

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BABES IN CIGAR FACTORIES.

Neil Nelson Describes Their Noxious Surroundings and How They Live.

At the Jones Industrial School, up in East Seventy-third street, some five hundred poor little boys and girls are enrolled.

These children come from the families of struggling Bohemians, ranging between the ages of four and twelve, occasionally they are infantile pupils in the kindergarten, but it is a rarity to find a child in its teens in any of the upper grades. Poverty cannot encourage higher education, however much she may admire it, and almost as soon as the children "look fourteen" they are taken away from the kind influence of the children's Aid Society and sent to work.

One need not ask the industry of their parents; you can smell it, you can tell it, the very moment the midget student approaches. The fumes of the tenement-house cigar factories cling to the little jackets and dresses, to the curls and braids of the girls and to the caps and trousers of their brothers. Their very flesh is stained and saturated with the odorous weed, and after a bath the floors of the dressing-rooms are sprinkled with shavings that have been shaken out of their shoes and wearing apparel.

Actually many of these unfortunate little creatures have been cradled in tobacco-leaves. If you go to their homes, as the teachers do, to learn the cause of their absence, you would find the elder children "stripping" the wet leaves, in case of a "drag," mother and father rolling, tracing, pointing and clipping the cigars in a half-dozen ways.

And the baby lying on a pillow at the mother's feet, teething from a bottle or perhaps sleeping.

What the physical condition of a child nurtured in this way can be the reader must decide for himself. How does it look?

Plausible in the extreme.

The flesh, even at a very early age, is pasty. You might judge from the saffron color of the skin that it was a case of jaundice, but it is the contrary, it is the nicotine rash, as it is sometimes called, produced by the absorption of vegetable and chemical matter from the filthy and insubstantial food.

It is impossible for these children to be well, imprinted with their delicate systems are with the poison that they sleep in, play in, breathe in and live in, day and night, from one year's end to the other.

Hundreds of them die every summer in the slums of New York, actually succumbed to the density and poison of the atmosphere. But they are thick as bees, and in a community where there are 100 persons to a house and a house on every 18-foot lot the dead are scarcely missed.

Quick work is made of the obsequies. The narrow trade is hurried from the undertaker's shop with an accompanying shroud and a bunch of cotton flowers, and to pay for them as well as to meet the demands of the landlord the period of mourning must be brief. The parents work harder than ever, dazed in mind and sick at heart.

But when the mother comes to see them call it the will of God, and go away again with the calm consciousness of having done what little they could in the way of consolation, and the kind-hearted doctors, who come too late, scold and storm, and often swear at the awful condition into which children are precipitated by neglect, ignorance and want.

Go up to the Jones school, the Rhineland school, recently built by the Misses Rhineland, or to the East River school, where are the wretched little creatures who cannot find favor with the Board of Education, and any teacher will confirm these statements by a list of hundreds of addresses where you can witness with your own eyes the tragedy we call living. All these schools employ doctors and visitors, who go from house to house doing what they can to relieve what, to help the helpless, cure the sick and encourage the despondent. The work is heavy, but the first thoughts are of the children, albeit the means are far from adequate.

But this week ends all for the summer. The schools are closed, and nothing will be done for the babies and rainbows of the poor cigar-makers until next September.

It is the duty of doctors of Free Physicians to take in all this district where the Bohemians live, to get the babies out of the tenement-houses and out of the noxious atmosphere to fumigate the little kitchens after the day's toil, to clothe and feed the children and to treat them with medicines and broths that will counteract the deadly influence of their surroundings and give them a new and firm hold on life. If you care to favor this scheme put a bill or a coin in an envelope, mark it Sick Babies Fund and address it to the Cashier of the World's office.

This fund is a very little charity for very little people, but it is nevertheless as worthy as the greatest; for, like all true charities, it makes other's wants its own. Charity, you know, is an eternal debt, a universal duty. Cancel your debts, do your duty and you can't help but be happy. The poor claim charity as a right from the moment you know what you are going to contribute to the relief of the poor babies in the tenement-house cigar factories? NEIL NELSON.

A Change of Mind.

Included find 25 cents. I was going to spend it, but I thought the sick babies needed it more than I did.

Every Dime Helps.

Included please find ten cents for the Sick Baby Fund.

A Poor Woman's Gift.

Please find included \$1 to help swell the Sick Baby Fund.

A Generous Donor.

Among the contributions to-day is a \$25 check from William Nichols, of 105 Sixth ave.

note. That Mr. Nichols fully appreciates the worth of the Free Doctors among the sick babies is evident from the magnitude of his offering. Fully a score of suffering infants will be made healthier and happier by his donation, and the thanks of a similar number of parents will be his.

Three Brooklyn Boys.

Included please find \$1 for the Sick Babies' Fund from ROSSIE, ARTHUR and JOHN, 244 Fifth Street, Brooklyn.

B. A. Dollar.

Included please find \$1 for the Sick Babies' Fund.

A Sympathizer.

Included is \$1 for the Babies' Fund, from one who pities them.

Three Little Ones Made Happy.

Included please find \$3 for the Sick Baby Fund.

A Friend in Need.

Included please find \$1 for the Free Doctors' Fund.

A Five Dollar Check.

Included please find check for \$5 given by my wife for the sick babies. E. L. NICOLL.

A Coffee-Pot Bank.

I have again taken the liberty of hanging a coffee-pot out in front of my store on a telephone pole, and have written on a card this inscription: THE EVENING WORLD'S SICK BABY FUND. Drop your nickels and dimes. Don't forget how your child suffered when it was sick and one cent helps.

I believe in the cause and feel I am doing a humane act.

M. ULLICH.

2240 Third Avenue.

THE CLEANER.

An amusing scene occurred recently on an elevated car. A man, with paper before his face, had stretched himself rather indolently on his seat, with his legs crossed and one foot quite far out to the aisle. A choleric gentleman coming up gazed at the obstruction one moment, stooped, grasped the offending leg and flung it by the side of the car.

The choleric gentleman passed on unconcerned. The other hurried his face deeper in his paper. The spectators audibly snickered.

At one of the restaurants uptown they practice a rather reprehensible imposture. Two ladies calling for their check found themselves charged with 10 cents more than they should have been. On inquiry of the waiter they were informed that it was "for service." They protested, but for the sake of peace paid.

A prominent merchant writes me the facts of a queer business transaction. Having had some printing done, he was surprised to receive a bill for double the amount he had been in the habit of paying. Upon inquiry, he was told that a partner had recently been taken into the firm, and prices had been raised in order that he could get his share of the profits.

One of our rising lawyers is Mr. Meyer Auerbach. He is a graduate of the College of the City of New York and of Columbia Law School. Socially he is a great favorite, and is recently elected President of the Friendschaft Club, whose handsome clubhouse is at the corner of Lexington avenue and Seventy-second street.

The following appears in a morning paper: ABOUT THE LAST SUNDAY IN APRIL, at the Hotel Manhattan, a very elderly stranger, sitting near a fine-looking lady, desired great comfort in following the service in her prayerbook, which she held in her lap.

Although the published story that Mayor Grant had gone to Chicago to see the American Derby was not true, it found many persons willing to believe it. They knew that Hugh J. Grant had gone further than Chicago to see a contest of apes between horses. Two of the sixteen judges who had made across the Atlantic were going to and coming from the race for the Czarwitsch Stakes.

I am told that Register Frank T. Fitzgerald, who has not met with a defeat since he assumed leadership of the Tammany Hall organization in the First District, is not to be without a bloodless victory next fall. Ex-Senator Michael C. Murphy will be in the harness again, and the Strecker movement is also said to have found root in this old Tammany stronghold.

A woman, fashionably dressed and bejeweled